

THE WEEKLY GATEWAY

FOR A BIGGER, BETTER SCHOOL

VOL. 11

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1928

NO. 13

ANDERSON MADE SPORTS MANAGER

New Man Well Qualified for Big Job. Wants Student Co-operation.

Howard Anderson, the newly appointed athletic manager, has announced his intention of pleasing both the faculty and the students, for he wishes to curtail expenses and yet to provide the athletes with all the needed supplies.

Howard is well fitted for the responsibilities of his new task. During the sophomore and the junior years of his high school career at Rockwell, Iowa, he managed all affairs connected with athletics. Although he took no active part in athletics at Central High School, he has directed the basketball and the baseball teams of the Plymouth Congregational Church.

The basketball schedule will be arranged by the new athletic manager. He will also complete the football schedule for next fall.

"I shall buy the supplies and the equipment in conjunction with the faculty," said Howard in speaking of his plans. "If we have the support and the co-operation of the student body, I'm sure we will have winning teams."

MAROON MEN WORK OUT DURING THE HOLIDAYS

Buck Central Hi Four Times. Both Teams Improved by Practice.

Candidates for the Maroon squad reported daily for regular workouts thruout the Christmas vacation. While the rest of the students were taking life easy or working during the holidays the men were turning out for several hours of stiff scrimmaging on top of a hard days work elsewhere. Even on New Year's Day the outfit turned out at four o'clock in the afternoon to battle with Central Hi. As a result, the gang has been shaped up into good form, even though the time was limited.

MISSIONARY FROM KOREA ADDRESSES UNI. GIRLS

Miss Helen Anderson Describes Korean People at Girls' Assembly January 2.

Girls who would rather sew than eat, who, instead of bobbing their hair, wear long switches to increase the length of their heads, and who live in a land where styles never change, were the heroines of a talk Miss Helen W. Anderson, missionary from Korea, gave at girls' assembly January 2.

Miss Anderson described Korean costume, illustrating with small dolls dressed up to represent the various modes of dress.

"Koreans usually dress in white," Miss Anderson said, "but their fondness for bright colors is evidenced in the children's costumes."

She produced a pair of shoes which were as tiny as the feet of a child. A bright red and white costume of a child was also shown. The shoes were of red and white and the costume was of red and white.

Another object of interest to the girls was a Korean rain-hat that, resembling an abbreviated parachute, was warranted to act as a perfect water shed during the rainy season.

Believe America Perfect.

Koreans are very interested in America, Miss Anderson declared. They think of it as a land of ideal conditions and ideal people, and are astonished when the missionaries are forced to admit that neither conditions nor people are always perfect.

Miss Anderson has been in Korea over five years and is a teacher in the girls' Industrial School at Pyongyang, the second city in size.

SECOND TEAM STRONG.

Gives First Squad Stiff Battle. Coach Adams Mixes in Scrimmage.

The men who make a varsity team possible, in other words, the "scrubs" or seconds, are being coached by Morey Pressley, one of last year's star forwards, and are playing in preliminary games. They make a stiff opposition every night in scrimmage with the varsity, and are in a large way responsible for the first's showing. Poucher, Christy, Jacobsen, Bradshaw, Shurtleff, Mead, and Corliss are men who form the second squad.

Coach Works Out.

Coach Adams has abandoned all artificial support and appears on the floor in his basketball outfit to work out his men to the greatest advantage. Ernie believes in working out right with his men and showing them plays at first hand instead of coaching entirely from the sideline.

Coach is an excellent player himself, so is able to show the team real stuff.

DELTA KAPPA PARTY.

The Delta Kappa Club entertained for forty guests at one of the most attractive parties of the holiday season, at the home of Eloise Magaret, 1616 Military Avenue. The house was a veritable fairyland of scarlet, green, and silver, while the popular mistletoe peeped from unexpected places. Scores of red and green balloons dropped audaciously from the ceiling, adding not only to the gay appearance of the decorations but to the fun as well, as the evening progressed.

CENTRAL HI DEFEATED.

Coach Hill of Central High brought his purple and white warriors with their seconds out to the Maroon floor for four scrimmages during vacation. Stiffness and faults were in a great measure eliminated by both teams and the last two battles were much faster than the preceding ones. On New Year's Day the Central aggregation was defeated by the Maroon team. Only guards were able to turn out for the Maroon team but in spite of this fact the team defeated the Centralites easily.

APOLOGY.

In the preceding issue of the Gateway it was stated that Miss Clark spoke at assembly on the subject of physical training. The paper has committed an error, in that it was Miss Johnson instead of Miss Clark who made the address in question. The Gateway regrets having made this mistake, and will endeavor to avoid inaccuracies in the future.

MAROONS EVEN WITH DAKOTA HOOPSTERS IN TWO-GAME SERIES

Win First Game 15-11. Drop Second 15-17. Both Games Hard Fought.

The Maroon cage men broke even in a two game series with the Yankton College quintet from Yankton, S. D. last Thursday and Friday nites, taking the first game, 15-11, and losing the second, 17-15.

Altho there was no particularly brilliant work done, the games were hard fought and very close. There were not many tries for field goals during the first part of the initial game, floorwork forming most of the game. The Maroons worked the ball down the floor time after time only to have it balance on the rim of the basket and fall the wrong way. Yankton made the first score thru Captain Falk who flipped a field goal. The Maroons countered and the half ended 7-7. The Maroons came back in the second half after Yankton gained a field goal, and thru the guarding of Reeves, and the goals and free throws of Capt. Davis and Paul and Leo Konecky, the U. of O. made eight points to Yankton's four by the end of the second half, ending 15-11.

Friday Game Close.

The second contest on Friday night started with long shots by Yankton. The Maroon's offense was unable to place the ball thru the ring in the second period altho the first ended with Omaha on the long end of the score. Capt. Falk of Yankton again showed his ability on the floor by dropping the ball thru the net from the center of the floor. All of Yankton's points were gained in this manner and thru free throws. Ackerman, the Konecky brothers, and Kustman gained the points for the U. of O. Capt. Paul Davis of the Maroons was unable to play on account of outside work and the late commencing of the game. The U. of O. men all played a good game, the fight of Chesneau at all times and the close guarding of Reeves with the working of Davis, Ackerman, Paul and Leo Konecky, and Kustman causing a good showing.

The second team played the preliminary to the first game and the Beddoes and First M. E. Burnens the preliminary to the second.

Lineup—First Game:

YANKTON.				
	FG.	FT.	P.	Pts.
Falk (C), lf	2	3	1	7
Dunn, lf	0	0	0	0
Peterson, c	2	0	0	4
Parry, rg	0	0	0	0
McMurty, lg	0	0	0	0
Knapp	0	0	0	0
Dunn	0	0	2	0
Rogers	0	0	0	0
Total	4	3	1	11

UNIVERSITY OF OMAHA.

	FG.	FT.	P.	Pts.
Paul (C), lf	1	1	1	4
Konecky, lf	1	0	0	2
Konecky, c	0	0	0	0
Konecky, rg	0	0	0	0
Heaven, lg	0	0	0	0
Ackerman, lf	0	0	0	0
Chesneau, c	0	0	0	0
Total	2	1	1	6

Referee, Litch, Creighton.

Lineup—Second Game:

OMAHA UNI.				
	FG.	FT.	P.	Pts.
Paul (C), lf	1	1	1	4
Konecky, lf	1	0	0	2
Konecky, c	0	0	0	0
Konecky, rg	0	0	0	0
Heaven, lg	0	0	0	0
Ackerman, lf	0	0	0	0
Chesneau, c	0	0	0	0
Total	2	1	1	6

Falk (C), lf	1	6	1	8
Peterson, c	2	0	2	4
Parry, rg	0	0	0	0
McMurty, lg	1	0	1	2
Knapp	0	0	0	0
Dunn	0	0	1	2
Referee, Schabinger, Creighton. Time of halves, 20 minutes.				

WHO BROKE IT?

All day long, silent and forlorn, stands our once busy and punctual clock. How can the school run without it? Dr. Kuhn, the German professor can no longer go out and see whether the gang in his Scientific German class are spoofing him about the time. No longer can we gaze at the clock's bright countenance with relief when we discover that we are not late because of its slowness. No longer will we hear the sweet sound of its bell pealing forth at the end of the long weary hour in English Lit. or math. class. Who broke the clock? Thanks to him who did.

But no, our good friend, the janitor, with the aid of his ne'er erring chronometer bearing a name suspiciously similar to the time-piece of America, the Ingersoll, has consented to serve as the school time piece and ring the sweet sounding bell. Now, we cannot get along without him. Our advice and plea is that the fellow who broke the clock should not do the same with the janitor.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Biological Society will meet Wednesday evening, January 10, in the bio-Lab.

Mr. Erickson (in class discussing citizenship): "If a son is born to a smuggled Chinese person, is he an American citizen?"

Miss Zozaya's class book has been returned, but now her pencils "have run away." After searching frantically for them, she exclaimed, "Poor little me, they just take everything away from me."

"Murder will out." Not even Ken Baker can live down a past. As a full statement of the particulars might prove too embarrassing to Mr. Baker, suffice it to say that his picture, sans misplaced eyebrow, but beautifully framed, has been found in a pay telephone in a down town store. Reasons for this lamentable state of affairs can not here be made public.

May the maledictions of the Gods spare us for divulging this secret! All who read this article are cautioned to repeat the facts to no one. Our highly esteemed chemistry instructor, Miss Ward, has admitted she spends all her money for alcohol. Special dispatch: Miss Ward has confessed to the fact that she was the alcohol only for her car.

ALPHA SIG HOTEL.

The Alpha Sigma Lambda Fraternity held the first business meeting since initiation at the home of brother Stromberg on the evening of November 27.

After the meeting Mrs. Stromberg prepared the lunch with a swift hand; gin, cake, candy, coffee, sandwiches and everything.

THE WEEKLY GATEWAY

Published by the students of the University of Omaha.

Board of Publishers: W. G. MacLean,
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ATHLETICS.

As a school builder, very few factors are as efficacious as athletics. Nothing seems to attract students to us great a degree as an exceptional record in the field of sport. Many institutions, in the past but of mediocre importance in the schoolastic world, are now known as among the very best and are receiving financial support and increasing their enrollment to such a degree that the possibility of their falling back into oblivion is practically nil.

Football this year at the University of Omaha has not been what might be called a howling success. The spirit has probably been as good as could be expected. But, as Shakespeare said, something has been rotten in the State of Denmark. Games have been cancelled, breaks have been against the team, and several other factors have conspired against our school during the season just closed.

We want to see the basketball season turn out a bit differently. We want to see cooperation, and interest, and school spirit. We want to see our team close the season without a defeat and to establish a name for the U. of O. in the world of sport. Everybody can help. The men on the team,—of course they'll show the old fight just did last year. The Faculty committee will do their bit; and the athletic director has the pep and snap. The school must back up athletics to the last breath. "Never say die," should be the slogan. By sticking by the team and boosting our athletic department, the U. of O. can profit by that department, just as as many other institutions have done in the past.

BACK TO WORK.

A vacation is a wonderful thing. After weeks of hard work a few days respite are a god send. Most of us pasture up a dozen little things that we desire to do when the time affords. And it is no small pleasure to be released from the necessity of repeating over and over again the same tasks. Now, after our change of activity we are again back at the same work. But it has a different aspect. We no longer look upon it as a sort of drudgery, a monotonous, dully grind that seems to possess no possibilities. Instead, we are back with a new outlook on our work. We have had time to take stock of ourselves, have an interview with ourselves, and get a line on what we are accomplishing. Vacation thus means opportunity, opportunity to overhaul our machinery and get ready for another battle in the campaign of life. How we're all set. We know what we're about. We know that we're doing the thing that should be done. Let's hit the new year.

EXAMINATIONS.

The semester will soon draw to a close. We all know what to expect. It means harder work than ever before. It means we're got to buckle right down and get it done. It means being a team of hard work, to be able to stand up to the competition. Let us

try to remember these things:

Be fair to yourself. You cannot expect to get something for nothing. No one can get more out of life than he puts into it. It will not benefit the student to obtain a satisfactory grade dishonestly. He deceives not the instructor, he deceives only himself.

Be fair to your fellow students. When you get a grade without working for it, you are infringing upon the rights of the student who works for what he gets. If he works harder and accomplishes more, he is entitled to the distinction of a higher grade.

Be fair to the school. The institution is known by its former students. If you go out in life half equipped for service because of failure to obtain your credit honestly, you are casting reflection on the school.

The U. of O. has, collectively speaking, an honest student body. Many students have emphatically asserted that they were positive that no cheating had been done in certain of the classes of last year. But, in every collection of young people, there are some to whom honor and honesty are foreign. We do not want them with us. They "don't belong."

The Goat Getter

BY
NANCY AND WILLIAM

Mrs. Johnson: "What were the Quakers noted for." Norene: "Oats."

Stewart Powers: "Are you fond of tea, dear?" Doris McElroy: "Yes, but I like the next letter better"

Conundrum.

Why does a duck come out of the water?

Ans. To make a run on the bank.

Why does he go in again?

Ans. To liquidate his bills.

Helen Mancuso: "Why Harry, I told you to come after supper." Harry Williams: "That's what I came after."

Have you ever read "Yankee Doodle in King Arthur's Class?" Ask Mrs. Johnson or any of the English Literature Class about it.

Grant Changstrom: "These misty days and slippery walks certainly make one think that this is musical weather."

Harold Dye: "How come?" Changstrom: "C Sharp and B Flat."

FAT CHANCE

"Your girl, sir, I would like to wed."

The suitor to the old man said:

The latter snapped with scornful look:

"Which one—the nursemaid or the cook?"

A School Girl's Song.

I like to lie and watch the sky,
Indulge in dreams and wishes,
And while away a pleasant day—
While others wash the dishes.

Qualified.

"Are you a competent chauffeur?"

"Yes, sir."

"But I'm a hard man to please. I don't know whether you could get along with me or not."

"Don't you worry about that, boss. I used to drive for a prima donna."

Limited Love.

"Tell me, what do you like best about me?"

"Your beautiful eyes and your penny teeth."

"Ah... and I thought you loved me for myself alone!"—London Telegraph.

PATRONIZE OUR
ADVERTISERS

and hurried back upstairs with it.

As she reached the door of her room she saw the head and shoulders of the burglar just above the veranda roof outside the window. Now he had pulled himself up and was crawling along the roof toward the window.

It was dreadfully dark, but she felt for the controlling lever of the alarm clock and raised it. Not a sound. Of course not! It was set at 6, for that was the time it had gone off. Nervously she felt for the knob with which to turn the alarm hand. The middle one was for the time, the upper one for the alarm. She remembered noticing that earlier in the evening.

Just as the man reached the window and had put his foot over the sill she turned the alarm hand and the bell rang out fiendishly on the still night air.

"Betty, Betty! Good heavens, what is it?" she heard Bob say, as her terrified shrieks added to the tumult made by the clock. The electric light flashed, and there stood her husband beneath the light, minus hat, coat and shoes. Seizing the clock from her hands, he quickly silenced it, then he caught her to his breast, while she clung to him and sobbed with relief.

"Gosh, but you're a sound sleeper, little girl! That blamed electric bell must be out of order. Couldn't get a sound out of the doorbell, and I've been throwing pebbles at the window till my arm is stiff. Winters decided he was well enough to make the trip, after all, so I beat it home as soon as I finished up some work he asked me to do for him at the office. I concluded you had gone somewhere for the week, when I couldn't get any answer to my signals, and as the window was open, I climbed up to get in."

"What time is it Bob? Isn't it almost morning?"

"No, only 9:30," said Bob, after glancing at the clock. "I've been since 8:30 trying to get in. Oh, say, Betty, did you hear my 'good-by' at 6 o'clock? I set the alarm so it would ring as the train pulled out, but I'm glad I didn't have to go, after all. Betty, you're a brick! Who but you would think of using a harmless kitchen clock for a burglar alarm? But say, girlie, what would you have done next, if I had really been a burglar?"

"Oh," laughed Betty, hysterically. "I reckon the next move would have been to throw the clock at you. And, Bob Weston, if you ever set that alarm again I'll leave you!"

THE SILVER LINING

"Has anyone seen my b-b-blanket?" demanded a shivering buck on one of those typically sunny French mornings. Nobody had—for purposes of publication, anyway.

"Has anyone seen my b-b-blouse?"

Nope.

"Well," said the buck, after a moment's deliberation, "I'm g-g-glad I've g-g-got on a nice warm b-b-belt, at any rate."—American Legion Weekly.

The Smashup.

A man came into the club the other day with his face half-hidden by sticking plaster.

"A motorist friend of mine has just met with a nasty accident," he explained.

"But what have you been doing?" we asked in chorus.

"Oh, I was the nasty accident!"—Eve (London).

Shaken Belief.

"Do you feel a sense of unworthiness in the presence of a multi-millionaire?"

"Not of unworthiness," replied the imperious citizen. "It is more a feeling of acute depression. At no other time do I have as little faith in the old saying that virtue is its own reward."

Depends on Point of View.

My dentist has an eagle eye.
And various tools he backs with
He's clever, but I've come to think
He'd make a better blacksmith.

Subscribe for the Weekly Gateway.

THE BURGLAR

By LILLIAN M. DELANEY

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Robert Weston hurried up the gravel path to his pretty suburban home, entered the front hall and eagerly shouted:

"Betty! Oh, Betty! Where are you?"

From the recesses of the kitchen Betty called: "Yoo-hoo, Bob!" and, flushed and disheveled from her culinary efforts, emerged into the hallway to throw floury hands and arms about her husband's neck.

"What's wrong, Bob?" she asked in alarm, for it was only 2 in the afternoon, and he never got home before 6:15 in the evening.

"Got to go to Chicago tonight, Betty," said Bob, gently. "I hate to leave you, dear, but it can't be helped. Winters is sick, and there's no one else we can send, I'll have to be away a week. Isn't there someone you could ask to come and stay with you?"

A hasty luncheon, the hurried packing of his grip, a thousand and one parting admonitions, then Betty watched from the window as he started for the train.

About 6 o'clock that evening as she sat languidly eating a lonely meal, the clock on the kitchen mantel suddenly burst into action. It was an alarm-clock, set in a carved oak frame, and used only as a timepiece. Betty had never heard it ring before. She stood, almost petrified with fright. She was not superstitious, but—! She recalled old tales of signs and warnings. This was the time Bob was to start for the West!

After dinner she read a short time, then, feeling too lonely and nervous to stay any longer in the living room, she decided to go to bed.

In spite of her loneliness, sleep came quickly. It seemed hours later when something awakened her, and listening, she heard something strike the window pane. Again and again the noise was repeated, then, as she cautiously got out of bed and peeped through the draperies she saw a man out on the lawn take off coat and hat and shoes. A burglar! Oh, what should she do? If Bob were here!

Then she thought of the alarm clock which had given her such a fright at dinner. Gliding softly and noiselessly downstairs, she at last located the clock in the dark kitchen.

CONVICTED.

Says Gossip One to Gossip Two
While shopping in the town,
"One Mr. Pry to me remarked
Smith bought his goods of Brown."
Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three
Who can't her eyelids down,
"I've heard it said today my friend
Smith got his goods from Brown."
Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four
With something of a frown,
"I've heard strange things—what do
you think?
Smith took his goods from Brown."
Says Gossip Four to Gossip Five
Who blazed it round the town,
"I've heard today such shocking
news
Smith stole his goods from Brown."

BIG CHI NOTES.

Marie Pellegrin left Friday, December 15, to spend a few days at Northwestern. While there she attended the Northwestern Christmas hop.

Miss Pauline Caruthers and Virginia Robinson spent their Xmas holidays in Naples. Many brilliant affairs were given in their honor.

Among the big city students who spent their vacation in Omaha are Eugene Johnson, Midwest Packer, and Alvin Trench.

Jackson 4122 Central Typewriter Exchange 1012 Farmers

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

THE LOST GRAND DUKE

THOSE familiar with the pomp and ceremony which hedged in the former court of Austria have always maintained that the tragic disappearance of Johann Salvator, archduke of Austria, prince of Hungary and grand ducal prince of Tuscany, cousin of Francis Joseph and son of Leopold II, was due as much to his radical tendencies and the fact that he persisted in airing his views in print as to his infatuation for Ludmilla Stubel, the beautiful daughter of a Vienna shopkeeper. In furtherance of this opinion, they advance the unassailable evidence that Kaiser Wilhelm insisted upon the punishment of Archduke Johann when the latter urged an alliance between Russia and Austria in order to curb the threatened dominance of Germany in European politics.

Whatever the cause, the young archduke's reaction to the discipline inflicted by his royal cousin was to resign all his honors, strip himself of his titles, convert a large portion of his estate into cash, and, as the crowning insult to his relatives, to elope with Ludmilla Stubel, whom he had met incognito some months before. According to all available reports, there was no doubt of Ludmilla's beauty, but a marriage between an archduke of the royal blood and the daughter of a poor shopkeeper was too much for the high-spirited Hapsburgs to swallow without a struggle. Johann, however, informed all who brought him messages from his titled kinsmen that he was no longer of the royal house—that he had renounced all his claims to the honors which were his by right of birth, and that henceforth he could be nothing more than Johann Salvator, a private citizen of the world.

When it became known that he really intended carrying through his wild plan, even force was resorted to in order to prevent him from contracting what was recognized as a mesalliance, but he concealed his identity under the name of John Orth—the name which he had used in courting Ludmilla Stubel—and the pair were hastily married, and then escaped to London. Here, still retaining his adopted name, the archduke chartered the bark Margharita, signed up a captain and crew and sailed for South America, where the ship had formerly been engaged in the nitrate trade.

The Margharita's usual course was between Buenos Aires and Valparaiso, and, after making several successful trips, she finally left the former port on July 13, 1890—and vanished as completely as if the sea had opened and swallowed her. Despite the most diligent searches, undertaken at the instigation of the Austrian government,

nothing definite was ever heard of the ship or the members of the crew, though rumors that Archduke Johann had been seen at many times and in many places have been current from that day to this. The most credible of these reports is that made by an official investigator of the Uruguay government, who secured affidavits to the effect that the Margharita had put in at a lonely place on the coast of that country, where the name had been painted out and she had then sailed up the Uruguay river. "Orth," the report stated, had then paid off his crew, and with the help of two or three of his intimate companions had set sail further inland—but here the trail was lost, never to be refound.

During the Chilean war Archduke Johann was reported to be fighting on the side of the congressionalists, and, some ten years later, the son of the president of Argentina stated that he had made the trip from Buenos Aires to Cherbourg with a man who was none other than the former archduke of Austria. In addition the lost grand duke has been "located" in California, has been "identified" as Admiral Yamagata of the Japanese navy, and was "recognized" by reputable witnesses in several engagements of the World war. Evidently the emperor of Austria never placed full credence in the story of his death, for in Francis Joseph's will was a clause to the effect that the archduke's estate of some \$10,000,000 was to be held intact until something definite was learned about his fate—a point upon which the memoirs of the former kaiser may eventually throw some light. Until this the mystery of the lost grand duke must remain as one of the unsolved riddles of history.

Holland's Way.

In several places the rivers in Holland make their entrances to the sea over extensive sand-beds, the water being so shallow that large vessels cannot sail in it. Rather than remove the sand-beds, which were looked upon in olden times as a defense, since they then kept men-of-war at a distance, the Dutch adopt the plan of sending out two large flat-bottomed craft to the small trading vessels that wish to enter the harbor. Arrived on either side the ship, three pontoons, as they may be called, are partially sunk by admitting water, and when their sloping sides are well under the hull of the ship to be carried, the water is pumped out, and they rise buoyantly with their burdens between them. Across the shallows they then bear it in triumph, and lower it gently into the deeper water of the harbor. With equal care the return journey is made when the merchantman is ready to sail away.

WITH THE FUNNY MEN



SELF-INTEREST

"Here's a long complaint from an anonymous correspondent who signs himself 'Taxpayer.'"

"We can't publish it without knowing the writer's name, of course, but whoever he is, he wouldn't be justified in signing himself 'Pro Homo Publico.' No taxpayer ever made a kick for the public good."

ANNA

"Jack, dear, before our wedding I wish you would see a doctor."
"Why should I? I am well except for a touch of dyspepsia."
"That's just it. I'd like you to get a certificate from him which would show that your dyspepsia antedated our marriage."

Personals

Hadley:—"Why is Red's hair so red?"

Al Kastman:—"He just had scarlet fever and it settled in his head."

Don:—"I thought that you took rhetoric last year?"

Gene Everson:—"I did, but the faculty excused me."

"Tex" Pratt:—"Why are you pounding on my back?"

Ed Ranft:—"I'm getting musical."

Pratt:—"How is that?"

Ranft:—"I'm playing on a Lyre."

Fletcher Slater, besides being a Spanish student of no mean ability, packs about a very fractious line of the mother tongue.

Ryphs, erstwhile U. of O. medle, entertained Carter, Rips, and Head in chem lab a few days ago, with a few of the acquisitions to his extensive line of slut splitters.

Moe Pressley is out showing our budding young basketweavers how they did it in the old days.

Welcome to our city, Messrs. Doty, Drake, Yoder, and Shurtleff.

Little Willie Erickson thinks he will leave school at the end of the semester. "We hate to lose him, we're so used to him now."

HARD FACTS.

A hen is the only living creature that can sit still and produce dividends.

About the time that you think you have made both ends meet, somebody moves the ends.

Treat flatery only as perfume; smell but do not swallow.

Education is learning, how to do what you don't want to do and doing it when you don't want to do it.

—Compiled by Ben Mead.

Acquitted.

Judge—Sam, there's more uses to a razor than to shave with. A razor is a dangerous weapon to carry around.

Sam—But, jedge, dis razor ain't no dangerous razor, it am ah safety razor.

Something Learned.

Father—Son, did you learn anything at school today?

Son—Yes, I learned that the arithmetic examples that you worked for me last night were all wrong.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Gray Beauty Shop

1718 Douglas Street.
Atlantic 4127.

Marinello Licensed Shop

555 Brandeis Theatre Bldg.
Jackson 3460.

Herzberg Beauty Shop

1515 Douglas Street.
Atlantic 3763.

PHONE FOR AN APPOINTMENT.
PRICES MODERATE.

Tommy Spills the Beans.
Mr. Dubbleigh—Why do you bring me so much water, Tommy? I merely asked for a drink.

Tommy—I thought you'd need more than a glassful, cause sister said you was the dryest old stick she ever knew.

Knew Her Failings.

Mrs. Hiram Offun—It seems to me you are asking too much when you consider the fact that I furnish your meals.

The Cook—I beg pardon, ma'am. I dine out. I never eat my own cooking.

Times Change.

"I have only seen him twice, but I shall marry him."

"That's right. You probably will change your mind if you wait until you know him better."—Tyrnhaus, Christania.

Horse on You, Doc.

A—How do you like old Doc Peters?
B—First rate; but he's certainly terribly absent-minded. The other day in filling out a death certificate, he put his own name in the space marked cause of death.

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